

PULSE

Summer
1968

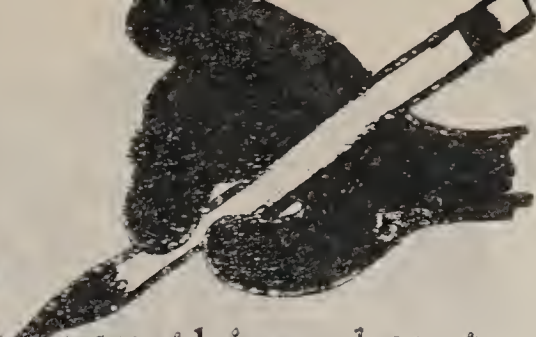


PULSE is the literary product of the students of Xavier Hall, Saint Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana, published whenever they get enough material to make it worth printing. PULSE aims to spread the news, opinions, and humor of Mongieville to the students themselves and to all its readers. Yearly subscription, \$1.25.

INSIDE → PULSE

Letter to the Editor.....	4
The Little 500.....	5
Surrealistic Tidbits.....	9
Work: A Sharing.....	15
A Fish Story.....	17
A TV Quiz.....	19
Apostolic Work.....	21
DMU Briefs.....	23
The Graduating Super Mongies.....	24
Parents' Day.....	25
Inter-Departmental Mass.....	26
Playing It Cool.....	28
The Presidential Outlook.....	29
Sixth Years' Pictures.....	31
Prophecies.....	32
Sports.....	39
What's New With Christopher.....	42
Class History.....	43
Doctor Martin Luther King, Jr.....	45
An Aggressive Summer.....	47
Fr. Roof and the Bookstore.....	49
Business Chapter Report.....	51
From the Pig's Pen.....	52
The Amazing American.....	58
Old Town.....	60

EDITORIAL



In this modern era, it seems that everything has to be given a clever title. For lack of clever ideas, this author will call the '67, '68 school year "The Time of Important Alterations." Of course, some will undoubtedly argue and claim it as the "Year of the Whap," but insufficient evidence prohibits the use of this phrase.

A person need not search too far in order to see some of the changes that have been effected during the past nine months. Xavier Hall began to change its appearance last August when it was given a thorough paint job. The recreation room took on a modern look this spring with its remodeling.

The academic aspect of our lives was also modified. (Change seems to come often in this department.) This year studies were placed on a more personal level with the removal of all organized study periods.

A quick glance into the past will reveal many other important changes which came about during this school year.

Along with a series of momentous turnabouts comes a disregard for the more minute phases of community living. Things like observing the Grand Silence, getting to bed on time, and saying a daily rosary seem insignificant and old-fashioned.

Still they remain an essential part of seminary training. A song written by the popular singing duo of Sonny and Cher might well represent a good model to be followed. The song goes something like this:

It's the little things,
That mean a lot.
It's what you are,
Not what you've got.

Pete King

Staff

Pete King, Editor; Steve
Nett, Ass. Editor; Fred
Hofstetter and Glen Brandel,
Photography; Henry
Winter, Business Manager;
Bert Woolson, Production
Manager; Frank Pritz, Lith-

ography; Dan Glazier, Art;
Mike Ploetz, Asst. Production
Mgr.; Tom Brown, John
Hoying, Mike Smith, Roger
Fortman, Rich Longworth, &
Ben Basile, Typists
Fr. James McKay, Moderator

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I feel that it is my solemn duty as a reader of PULSE to write this letter to you. Since you need some good fill-ins, I thought I might as well get this letter over with. I am referring to a major complaint I have against PULSE. Perhaps you can pass along some good ideas to the future editors of PULSE.

My only major complaint is the shape your pictures are in. They might come out of the camera looking pretty neat, but in PULSE they are frankly a mess. I know that the conditions under which you print PULSE are not the best in the world, but please, have pity on my eyes!!! You don't know how much I have to strain them trying to make out what's in one of your pictures. Either print better pictures, or label what is going on in them, or get a new printer!!!!

I think you guys have done pretty well in making PULSE a fun-filled publica-

tion. I get a million laughs reading some of the weird stories you guys put in. I like most of those silly stories you make up.

I'm sorry that I had to take desperate action and write this letter, but I felt that your pictures could be better if you tried. Shape up those shots.

Sincerely,
Name Withheld by Request

...Thanks for taking an interest in our publication. It's always helpful to hear some constructive criticism. Unfortunately, most suggestions that people have on how to improve PULSE are not brought into the open. If you will notice, a lot of the pictures in this issue are labelled. With our limited budget and experience, it is extremely difficult to produce a publication free of mechanical and grammatical errors. But we are always trying. ed

Congrats
to the
12 new
deacons
7 new c.p.p.s.
priests

LITTLE 500

The Little 500 is an annual SJC competition. The hall which wins the Little 500 gains much prestige, because it takes an immense effort to attain victory. Each hall on campus builds a car (or in our case two cars, since we have so many beasts in our hall) according to prescribed dimensions. This car requires pushers, and for this the hall selects its ten best runners. Two drivers and a pit crew consisting of three mechanics complete the roster.

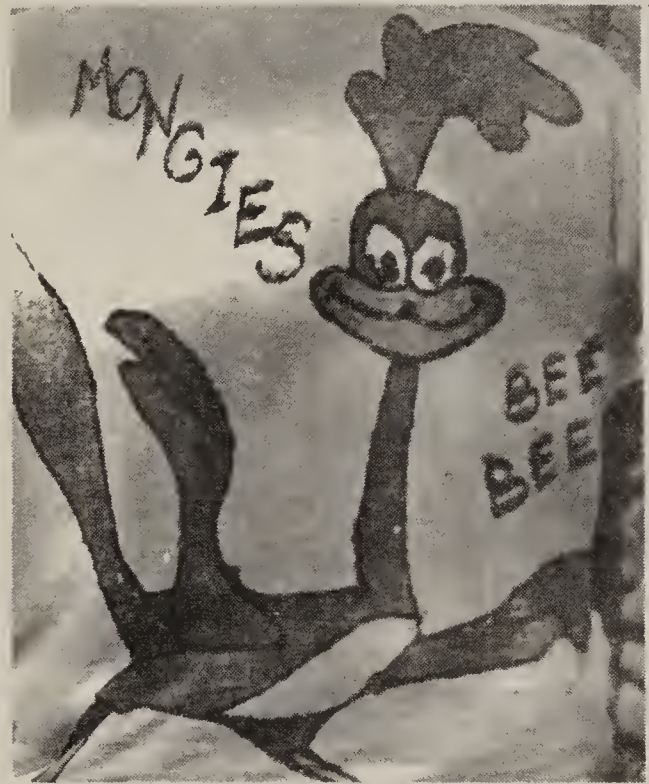
The race course encompasses the Science building, and stretches out for a quarter mile. Each car competes in time trials, thus determining its position in the LeMans start. The race lasts two and a half hours; the hall having the most laps wins.

Xavier Hall won the Little 500 this year, and I would like to show you how.

We used two captains; Hank Winter supervised construction, and I chose the runners. The cars which Henry built were masterpieces. Whereas most halls used 4-wheeled vehicles, Xavier used only 3 wheels. These were not ordinary wheels; thanks to Henry, ours were sulky wheels.

Having excellent cars, we were still far from winning the race. The runners had to be conditioned, both physically and mentally. We started a training program. An article was cut out of the April issue of Scholastic Coach and posted where all could see. Many expressed amazement at how well they could run when they employed proper breathing and timing. Our men practiced, and became physically fit.

The next phase of training was mental conditioning. The night before the race, all runners, drivers and pit crew members assembled in Xavier's typing room for a coaching session. The course was mapped out, rules were explained,



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and plans of action were discussed. When I went into the meeting, I had planned to tell the runners to hold back until the very end of the race; but the intense, stimulating atmosphere of 30 mongies who were out to win this race at all costs changed my mind. I said: "Troops, we won the time trials and we've got first place; as long as no one passes us, we'll win!" And no one passed us.

Our official roster was as follows:

Car #2

Car #1

Runners:

Bornhorst, Michael
Brown, Thomas
Field, James
Kaiser, David
Lessard, Bill
Lothamer, Terry
Malatesta, Stan
McBride, Patrick
Monnin, Leon
Winter, Henry

Ballman, James
Catalano, Bruce
Fey, thomas
Hoying, John
Hoying, Ron
Monnin, Daniel
Riha, Patrick
Schmidt, Jerome
Shea, Peter
Zondlo, Eugene

Drivers:

Hohman, John
Sowar, Jack

Nett, Steve
Sudano, Ronald

Pit Crew:

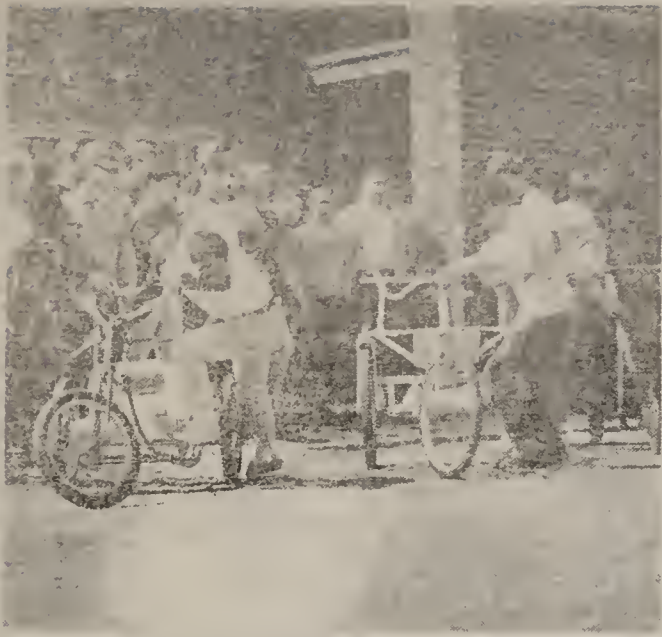
Feicht, Ed
Ploetz, Bill
Smith, Michael

Alba, Benito
Kirwan, Daniel
Werner, Jeff

I spoke of the determination which our runners had during the Little 500. One instance of this was big Terry Lothamer. On the morning of the race, the first team ate steak dinners at Henry Winter's house. For some reason, Terry didn't like his steak. He ran one lap and then fertilized our pit area with it. Most people would have quit after getting sick, but not big Ter. He went on to run 9 big laps.

Another instance of determination was Pat McBride. One of the secies threw a file at one of our sulky wheels, trying to break our spokes. Pat immediately charged after the beast and would have plastered him if it had not been for Fr. McKay. Fr. McKay came over and looked at the secie; the secie looked at Fr. McKay and didn't want to fight anymore.

A series of pictures, printed in the order in which they were taken, conclude this article. I would like you, the reader, to examine the faces of the seminarians as they struggled from start to finish. The intense effort which they display is what enabled Xavier to start, endure, and finish first.



The Start



John Hoving



Thomas Brown



John Hoving



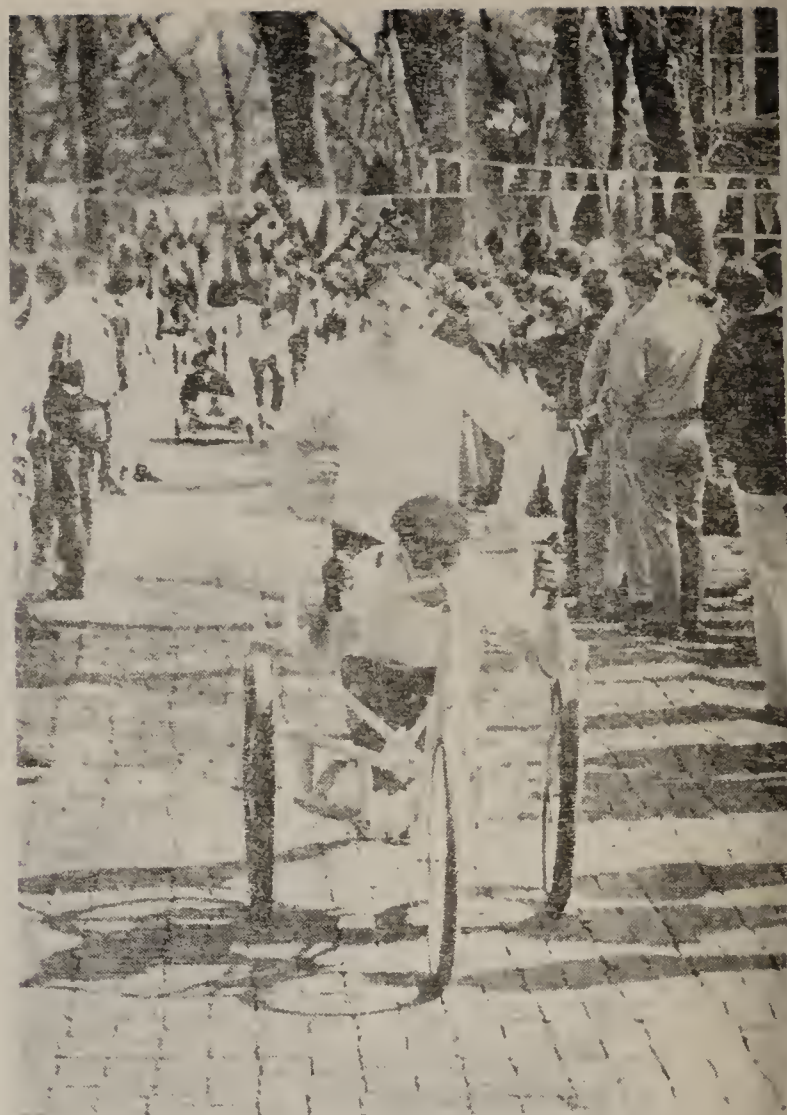
Bruce Catalano



Ike Bornhorst



Jim Field



Jerry Schmidt



David Kaiser



Pat Riha

SURREALISTIC TIDBITS

By
MIKE CRAIG

Hello, faithless readers. Spring has hit Mongieville with the annual monsoon season again. And as Ballmann would say: "Der Mai ist gekommen." with this final issue of PULSE bringing another writing deadline closer, it is time again to spread a bit of ambivalent animosity to everyone possible.

Mike Hicks has done it again. The hat size of our boy from Kentucky swelled so much after winning the spring amateur hour this year that the people of Jasper County thought the world was coming to an end when he blocked out all the sunlight for three hours. Then at the Lettermen concert, which was one of the best concerts on campus this year, Hicks controlled the microphone almost as long as the Lettermen.

1 Patrick Riha also deserves commemoration in this section of the slander column for winning the Father Rapp Oratory Contest. His speech on Doctor Martin Luther King Jr. was judged the best among many other speeches dealing with the civil rights movement. Those Mongies who gave much of their time in the production of the musical, "The Fantasticks," for parents' weekend in May, also deserve credit for the fine job they did.

We shall finally outshine "Stuff," the local competitor on campus. PULSE shall give credit to the team that won the "Little 500." Mongie team #2 put up the good fight, ran the good race, and there was left to them no mention of a merited trophy in "Stuff." There were rumors spreading that our team would be disqualified because we didn't cheat.

A few of the Brothers here have had, or are in the process of having their names changed. Bro. Aquinas is now Bro. James. Brother Philip is rumored to now be Bro. Robert, since, as we all know, St. Robert is the patron saint of rat keepers and also of the Clairol Company.

(Cont. on Next Page)

VERDI

This column salutes you, Ralph Verdi, on your latest composition, which was given a "bloody go" several Sundays ago with trumpets and kettle drums at Mass. The reaction on this Campus was better than expected. It ranks alongside of only those two musical geniuses, Montana and Fortman, who managed to grind out a very good hymn. The music was spontaneously composed. Jerry Montana was innocently playing a Bach-Verdi piece when Roger decided to use him to practice that new method of self-defense, Neuroti. Roger hopes to progress through this stage and receive his bloody psychoti belt, (which pins the arms to the sides and ties in back, making the self-defense more skillful) by the end of next year. In order to arrive at this last stage Rog will room with John Hohman (although we all know Rock could do it on his own.).



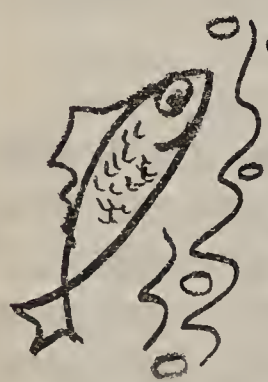
After the letdown of the Kentucky Derby, in which Hicks and Forward Pass proved infallible again, the hall is looking forward to the next of the big races at Smurdsdell Downs. The trainers have picked two of the most physically fit beasts to run, Smurd and Father O'Dell. The odds are in favor of the latter since the former may be disqualified for having nicotine in the blood stream, digestive system, nervous system, skeletal system (Inter-Fat Communications,) and any other systems in the steam engine. Of course, the latter will have to run on the ground to make it a fair race.

For those readers who may not know, the sixth - year class will go to the novitiate next year. But the minority is not dead yet. Knowing that the business chapter was infallible in everything but faith and morals, the minority group has conceded to the demands of the majority, but they wish to warn the majority that they are poor losers.

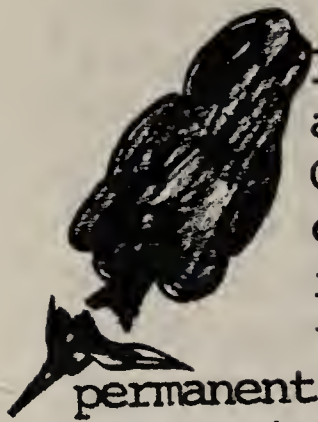
Phantom
Strikes

Jim Ballmann, at this point, deserves credit for many things, like the disappearance of shower curtains and various other non-essentials, like desks in the front study hall. Also he is credited with the famous national cliché: "What's wrong with you, Balls?!" This expression is acceptable in all possible social situations and is guaranteed to make Ballmann blush (in German, of course) from a distance of fifty feet.

All the way with EUGENE J. Many Mongies and Brother Postulants have been on the move lately. Some have hit the campaign trail. A month or two ago we were represented in the Indianapolis reception for Senator Eugene McCarthy. A few weeks ago another political factor in the hall worked a weekend for Senator Robert Kennedy, handing out literature in Portage, Indiana. Many of this same group, plus a few others had the chance to hear Kennedy speak at Valparaiso University. It seems that the Mongies, B.P.'s and Super-Mongies have shown the most active political interests on this campus, with only a few professors and a small percentage of the rest of the students showing any interest beyond voting in Choice '68, an election held by Time-Life Inc. on many college campuses across the nation. I believe that McCarthy won on our campus, but I don't remember the margin of Victory. The losses in many primaries of Eugene J. to Robert F. has embittered many of our "Clean for Gene boys," but after Oregon, we have been able to talk to them without descending into dirty politics. But watch out for California! This column openly backs Kennedy, so Bobby, if you want a free write-up, send a letter to the editor. (We are all grateful to the Super-Mongies and Father McKay for helping and allowing us to become somewhat active in the campaign this year.) If you're interested in biased opinions favoring Senator McCarthy, write Super-Mongie Mike Manly. For an open, objective picture of Kennedy's ideals, see Jim Gettig.



The latest novelty in Xavier Hall, inspired by Father Fitzgerald, is raising tropical fish. Glazier and Stechschulte have the largest, and so far, most varied collection in their aquarium. Lorenzo is number two, but he tries harder. Field and Father McKay now own male siamese fighting fish. Father O'Dell had one, but while Lorenzo was measuring the width of its fins to get one just as good, Chester passed away. Fr. O'Dell performed the graveside rites. Roger Fortman has his guppies and ghoulish goldfish and is driving them crazy. With a few guppies bought in all innocence, the guppy population is now being increased a hundred-fold. They must be Catholic guppies. Oh, I want to inform Mark that Bill and Scorch are planning on getting a baby octopus, shrimp, and a few trilobites for their aquarium. They are definitely very high class.



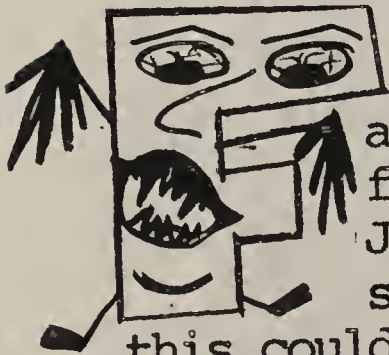
Mongies have been doing other travelling lately, too. A large group went to the Dayton area to listen to the Brunnerdale Concert Choir. The tapes they brought back sounded great, and it sounds like the trip was pretty interesting, too. Another group went to visit the inmates of the novitiate. Ron Hoying left a permanent memorial of the visit, resulting from a drag race with Jow Bornhorst. Ron, you should never drive without your green teddy bear around to give you the added security you need. Poor, innocent Bruce could have had his nose injured!

Brother James (alias Aquinas) and Rich Richina have enlarged the local pizza industry with the purchase of a new oven. The location has been changed to the thriving necropolis of Schweiterman basement. I hear it is a pretty spicy business.



The beach has been moved this year toward the back of the gravel pits. If the park commissioner would get busy and preserve the natural wildlife of the park from the forces of the merciless bulldozers, it could be a nice spot again this year, almost comparable to that midwest vacation paradise, Schiek's Resort and Tavern.

Speaking of water, the anniversary of Ed Feicht's natal day was celebrated with a wild throw-in one Saturday night. Ed should have a few remarks in his column about the whole affair.



The hall should now be recovering from the annual outbreak of exam-psychosis, one of the few times a year when Fortman seems normal. John Hoying finished exams Friday night and was still seen in study hall that night. I think this could be an indication of permanent brain damage. Nett refused to leave his desk, along with Fat Albert Hartway, because of some phobia about being devoured by a huge, monstrous F outside the doors.

What would this column be without some mention of Fr. Fitzgerald? In the face of all the incriminating evidence presented in the column, he has retained the patience of a carp. I hope the slander of this column has

not caused him any inconveniences. There are rumors that it has cost him his job, but I wouldn't call that an inconvenience.



Now, in a last desperate attempt to cut as many people as possible, this column shall present the coveted Ruby Awards. These awards, presented in the honor of Doctor Ruby Nett, are a half inch statue of Doctor R. Nett admiring himself in a mirror, carved out of a tulip bulb by that famous craftsman, Mike Kanaby. These awards go to the students whom the judges think have advanced the cause of chaos for their performance in the entertainment field, such as speeches, debates, movies, songs, etc. Since Kanaby got carried away in his work the number of awards is very huge, as is the craftsman.

The first category is movies. These people are to be commended for their fine work. The list shall consist of the winner's name, followed by the movie(s) he played in, and shall be as close to alphabetical order as I can get them. The awards go to: Ben Alba, "The Hustler;" Jim Ballmann, "Thunderball;" Jow Bornhorst "Fanny Hill;" "A Man For All Seasons;" and Hercules Unchained;" Glen Brandel and Alan Hartway, "The Greatest Show On Earth;" George Blakney, "Georgy Girl;" Tom Brown, "The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly;" Bob Casey, "The Sound of Music;" Jim Dumminger, "The Shaggy Dog;" Fr. B. Dreiling, "The Absent Minded Professor;" J. Degenhardt, "Young Dillinger;" Jim Field, "The Nun's Story" and "To Sir With Love;" Ed Feicht, "The Battle of the Bulge;" Fr. Druhman, "Wild In The Streets;" Roger Fortmann, "The Pad and How to Use It" and "I Remember Mama;" Larry Growney, "Cool Hand Luke;" Jim Greer, "The Graduate;" Greer and Father Banet, "The President's Analyst;" the grotto "East of Eden;" Ron Hoying, "Bonnie and Clyde;" Hugh Henderson, "Born Free;" Carlos Graupera, "The Ugly American;" Fifth Year Class, "Riot on Sunset Strip;" Mike Hicks, "My Friend Flicka;" Minny Hagan, "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner;" Jerry Hall, "The Dirty Dozen;" Virg Keller, "Hallucination Generation;" Peter (Son of Victor and Helen) King, "Cheaper By the Dozen" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm;" Dan Kirwan, "The Jungle Book" and "Planet of the Apes" (formerly played by Nath); Mike Kanaby, "Lilies of the Field;" Kroger, "THE Flying

Nun;" Fr. Kuhns, "Zorba the Greek;" Bill Lessard, "Night of the Iguana;" Bro. Joseph Mary, "Mary Poppins;" Markie Lorenzo, "Days of Wine and Roses" and "Psycho;" Jake McBull, "Requiem for a Heavyweight;" Dan Monnin, "Gone With the Wind;" Richard Nixon, "Born Losers;" Next year's coeds, "More than a Miracle;" Terry Lothamer, "Bed of Grass;" Father O'Dell, "The Longest Day;" Fr. O'Dell and Smurd, "The Great Race;" Bill O'Donnell, "Cool Mouth Bill;" Frank Pritz, "Reflections in a Golden Dome;" Fr. Ruschau, "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying;" Fr. Robbins, "The Ghost and Mr. Chicken;" Fr. Roof, "The Passover Plot," "A Fistful of Dollars," and "For a Few Dollars More;" Rich Richina, "A Streetcar Named Desire;" Pete Shea, "Far From the Mad-dening Crowd;" Smurd, "Wait until Dark," "In Cold Blood" and "Goldfinger;" Jack Sower, "The Fox;" Schmidt and O'Donnell, "The Collector;" Sidney Stechschulte, "The Greatest Story Ever Told;" "In the Heat of the Night," and "Black Like Me;" Jerry Schiek, "Lawrence of Arabia."

The next bright Ruby Category is music and songs. The awards go to: Ballmann, "Blowing in the Wind" and "Good Vibrations;" Ballmann and Paul Barrientos, "Leader of the Laundromat;" Burnett and Hohenbrink, "Here, There, and Everywhere;" Ron Hoying, "Strangers in the Night;" John Hoying, "I Am a Walrus;" John Hohman, "There is a Tavern in the Town;" Alfred Henschell, "If I Were a Carpenter;" R. Fortman, "US Male" and "I Am a Rock;" Scorch Glazier, "No Milk Today;" Alan Hartway, "I've got Rhythm;" Kanaby, "Tiptoe Through the Tulips;" Fr. Roof, "I've Got to Beg, Borrow and Steal;" D. Monastyrski, "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy, I've Got Love in My Tummy;" Richina, "A Taste of Honey;" Bob Vondrell, "Moonlight Sonata;" Ralph Verdi, "J.C. Our Blood Born Brother."

There are three Rubies for Dramatic Readings. They go to: Father Fitzgerald, for his rendition of Peter Ellis' Men and Message of the Old Testament; Father Kuhns, The Gospel according to Matthew; and Gene Zondlo, any letter from Bev.

Finally come the Ruby technical awards; Fr. McKay, Best Director; Fr. O'Dell, best slow motion; Hugh Henderson, best color; Scorch's guppy, Best Producer; and Hofstetter and Monnin, best sound effects. That is the annual list of the Ruby Awards. If you were missed, consider yourself lucky; or else your line was edited.

THE
END

With this last column coming to a close, I would like to offer my condolences to all whose name has appeared in these paragraphs. There is no promise of anything like this in PULSE next year since we are paying court costs for losing the last five cases of libel brought against us. If anyone inherits this column or something like it next year, remember that the pen is mightier than the editor, but only if he is kind of CENSORED. Keep those dollars coming in folks, but not to PULSE, to the novitiate. I can foresee an underground newspaper coming up into the light next year, called the Community Unity Scrutiny. What else can we do next year since they won't teach us Latin and Greek?

Ah, the endless summer is here, with the work, the beach, the park, the ball games, bull sessions, a few classes, and even an apostolic work program shaping up. This column has been created out of my warped imagination to attempt to bring more smiles than frowns upon the faces of Mongieville, for joy is the light of God in man. And we need this light, for how can flower bloom in the darkness?

Yours in the peaceful unrest
of psychedelia,
Michel Craig

WORK: a sharing

Many men and women look upon work merely as something they must do in order to exist, or to obtain pleasure or money. However, from a Christian viewpoint, (Merciful Father) work has a much deeper meaning and a much higher dignity and importance.

For a human being, work is primarily a creative and productive effort, a shar-

ing in God's creation, and it makes man like God. A toolmaker puts something of himself and something of God into the product upon his lathe. A professor plants ideas in his students and shapes knowledge in the minds which God created.

The essential meaning of work then is "making" which
(Cont. on next page)

is a sharing in God's creativity. It brings its own joy, independent of the money, success or freedom which results from it. But yet we all have failed to realize that in order to do God's work on this earth, we must do the best we can by accepting each and every other person for the work that he does.

Human beings are placed on earth to serve both God and neighbor by their work. We are all dependent on the work of others. For example we cannot wear a woolen suit without the labor of the shepherd, the sheather, the carder, the spinner, the weaver, the tailor and the salesman. Work involves loving serving for others.

Moreover, through work we can gain merit for heaven. It is true that our work of itself has no claim upon God for reward. All we are, all we have, all we can do already belongs to Him. However, God in His goodness has promised to accept as worthy of reward the good actions we perform for love of Him.

Though our work may often seem a cold, hard duty with very inadequate temporal compensation, we have always the consolation of knowing that it will earn for us eternal reward if we do it with the right intention.

The value of a man's work cannot be measured by its importance or by the way he looks in the sight of men. There was a certain man by the name of Joseph who lived in Galilee. He lived his life in poverty and obscurity. Yet, by his love of the simple tasks of his daily life, he reached a great height of holiness. I think that we too, by doing our work day by day in service of our neighbor, can reach a degree of holiness which will amaze us when we stand before God on judgement day. Then we will have the consolation of hearing the words: Well done good and faithful servant, because you have been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many. Enter into the joy of thy master. (Matt 25:33)

Hugh Henderson

A FISH STORY: HOW I COACHED → THE ATHLETE OF THE YEAR ←

During the Depression our country developed its finest boxers. They were men born into hard times. They were desperate for a chance to make good. But most of all they were aggressive. They had the traits of determination and backbone that was the earmark of all the truly great competitors. Such a competitor was the Butcher.

I was on the lookout for a young, tough kid to manage. I knew that if I could find the proper material, I could train that willing flesh to be the finest since Gorilla Graupera. Such is the confidence of two years of college.

You probably think that I did find him, because if I had not, this would be a much shorter story. I did find him. He was the twelfth child of thirteen born in a one unit dwelling in suburban Rensselaer. His father was not know and his mother tried to eat him on his birthday. Without a doubt he was aggressive. By the second day he was bigger than any of his brothers or sisters. This was the day that I first noticed him at the C and G Guppy Carryout.

I took him to my own residence and started training him immediately. Instead of in a dinky unimpressive little aquarium, I housed him in a tank 4 feet deep and 8 feet in circumference. It was time he started to think big. Instead of filling the tank with ordinary water I filled it with three parts water to one part Old J.B. Iowa Sippin' Liquor. I force fed him with a half pound of raw hamburger each day and soon increased that. To keep him aggressive, I hit him over the head with a baseball bat several times a day, and at night, I read selections to him from Moby Dick. Naturally he came to love and respect me, but showed no mercy to anyone else.

He was constantly growling at the House Gang as they mopped around the tank and his stomach could be heard growling from as far away as the lower dorm. So two weeks later I moved him to the College pond. There were

("Fish Story" cont.)

several advantages in the move. I no longer had to feed the Butcher, since he glutted himself daily on the other pond residents. It also became much more exciting to have a birthday in Collegeville.

The biggest advantage of the move was that we now had a chance to get down to training. Several times a day I would climb into the pond with snorkels and flippers and run through some of the basic holds and defenses. The Butcher was a quick learner and within a week I was having trouble beating him. It was a proud day indeed for the both of us when he first made me say uncle. Another week of sparring in which I had him swim ten miles a day and he was ready. I hacked off the hop of the Nursery Gang's tank's truck, the Butcher jumped in, and we were off to regain some of the \$21,000 I had invested in him.

The first stop was the Wagon Wheel where I knew I would find the flower of Rensselaer Manhood. I jumped on the bar and stated that my guppy could beat two Siamese fighting fish at once. Receiving 150 to 1 odds we made a nice profit when the Butcher promptly ate the fighting fish. That was just the start. In the ensuing months we traveled all over the Midwest. The Butcher beat a musky in Morocco, a python in Peoria, a gorilla in Gary, a mule in Mercer County and Dorothy Fullbright in Cleveland. None of the contests were close, with the Butcher eating most of the contestants. But finally a real challenger was found for the gallant guppy.

It was Mayor Daley of Chicago who thought up the contest in honor of the Democratic National Convention. The challenger was a two and a half ton crocodile, named the Liquidator. He was 29 feet long and was also undefeated. On the day of the battle a quarter of a mile of Lake Michigan was to be roped off. Bleachers were set up and programs hastily printed. The Liquidator was the popular choice since he was a home town boy. He was also favored because he had a half ton weight advantage and was seven feet longer than the Butcher.

When the Butcher first saw the opposition he was visibly shaken. I assured him that he had ten times the personality of his opponent and that the Liquidator was way past his prime. Just to make sure, I made a quick call to Dayton, Ohio, where I was relieved to discover that Chuck Fiely didn't think the Butcher stood a chance. I don't think this was much of a relief to the

(CONT. on page 20)

Always

With the advent of the "telie" came the advent of many new personalities, shows, talents, and obviously, viewers. People became engrossed in the Private Eye, the Cowboy, the Army Sergeant, almost anyone that was put on the screen. However, there are certain favorites that have stood out in their field, and that I feel demand recollection in this space.

To start off with, see if you can recognize who said a few of these favorite sayings:

- 1 "Well.....I'll be a dirty bird."
- 2 "How sweet it is."
- 3 "Peace."
- 4 "How ayah, how ayah, how ayah?"
- 5 "I kid you not."

Going back to television's booming era of the 50's, we find westerns highlighting the scene:

- 6 The man who started that western trend was Hopalong Cassidy played by _____.
- 7 Another famous westerner

was the Lon Chaney which starred _____.

- 8 Clint Walker was the star of this cowboy show _____.
- 9 The man who boasted Have Gun Will Travel, Paladin, was played by _____.
- 10 There were even a few pistol toting women among them Annie Oakley, portrayed by _____.

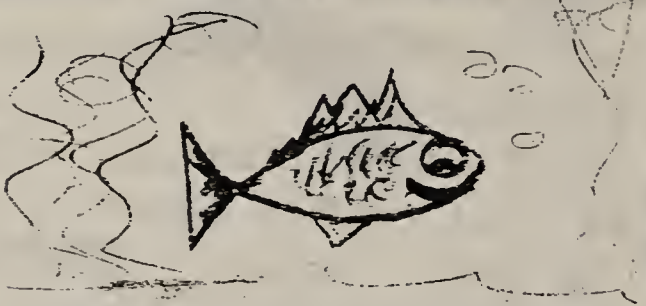
Another popular trend of television in the 50's and even today is the situation comedy, portrayed so vividly, by such immortals as the Lucy Show, or the Dick Van Dyke Show.

- 11 The picture of a bumbling stupid father was cast in the Life of Riley, starring _____.
- 12 The introduction of Army and Navy service shows began with the Phil Silvers Show in which show Phil was played by _____.
- 13 The Navy received recognition in the show Hennesey starring _____.
- 14 The private eye who started it all off was _____.
- 15 The Defenders, a show which eventually resulted in many such private eye shows, starred _____.

("Fish Story" cont. from Page 18)

Butcher because this was the first time that I had ever seen a fish sweat.

Knowing that something drastic was necessary I again donned snorkel and flipper and climbed into the Butcher's tank. There I passed on one of the greatest secrets of the trade to my protege. I spent two hours that night teaching him the feared and deadly East Alsatian Armpit Hold.



The next day the Cub and White Sox games were cancelled so that the players could join the already packed Chicago waterfront. Anybody who was anybody was there along with thousands of nobodies. The winner would receive \$125,000 plus 30% of the gate. The loser would have to pull his boy out of the alewives.

Exactly at 2:00 both pens were opened and out came the fighters. The Butcher was ready, but so was the Liquidator. They ran head on and were immediately engulfed in a mountain of flying foam and pollution. For a blow account of the action you'll have to go to Sports Illustrated unless you have seen it on closed circuit TV. Anyway, at exactly 4:42 that afternoon both fighters went underwater and the stands were hushed. Three minutes later the Liquidator came to the surface bottom up bleeding at the armpits with holes in both shoulders. The Butcher had done it again.

We still accept all challengers but there hasn't been a challenger since. Right now I'm trying to schedule a match with Angelo Dundee's catfish, Watermelon X. For his performance in Chicago, the Butcher won a new Corvette for being Athlete of the Year. He lets me drive it. A lot of the excitement has gone out of the business since there's no real competition for the Butcher any more. I've got my eye on a young starling that's working out now in Remington. The bird's got a lot of class, but there are problems to be worked out; for one thing, it's a lot easier taking care of a giant guppy than cleaning up after a 200 pound starling.

Ping Pong Ploetz

Apostolic Work, Give It A Whirl

This article will comment briefly on the "State of the Apostolate" here at Xavier Hall this summer. At the present time no members of the hall are involved in directly apostolic activities. The needs of Rensselaer are not particularly urgent; the work program prohibits long term commitment, and many students are not personally interested in spending their time this way.

However, I think that those seminarians who want to work in directly apostolic ways should be given an opportunity to do so. The document of Vatican II entitled "Priestly Formation" states quite clearly that:

Seminarians need to learn the art of exercising the apostolate not only in theory but also in practice. They have to be able to pursue their assignments both on their own initiative and in concert with others. Hence, even during their course of studies, and also during holidays, they should be introduced into pastoral practice by appropriate undertakings.

With a minimum of transportation difficulty, several programs could be established this summer. Visiting patients at the State Mental Hospital, the Boy's Reformatory, or orphanages, hospitals, and old folks' homes in surrounding cities as well as talking with the migrant workers who live nearby, and cooperating with any CYO, CCD, or civic programs active this summer are some situations which could be investigated. A program to supervise recreation for retarded children has already been initiated. Allocating several hours per week or even entire weekends throughout the summer for apostolic programs would not interfere seriously with work schedules or with summer school.

Regular visits to the hospital, reformatory, or migrant camps might revolve around informal recreation, card-playing, singing, and just talking with the people, letting them know that they are worth a couple of hours of your time each week. Since crucial dogmatic issues will probably never arise in this atmosphere and since professional counselling is not the goal of such visits,

the formation of the theologate does not seem necessary for this work; one would hesitate to insist that the VISTA volunteer, the CYO, and the Girl Scouts must undergo graduate level theology before visiting the sick or the suffering. Use of films, tapes, or liturgy as well as other developments within the project would be approved by a priest advisor and other proper authorities.

Since the program would occupy only several hours a week, one could not argue that it would impair community spirit. Then too, hall members might find themselves working with fellows whom they had not gotten to know very well during the school year.

The enthusiasm of the apostolically conscious seminarian cannot be automatically regarded as naive, emotionally-charged, or over-idealistic; if he approaches the program as an opportunity to observe and deal with people who have special problems and needs, then he may benefit most by realizing that he can help them only in a very limited way. Just noticing the behavior, relationships, and problems of these people will deepen the seminarians' understanding of human nature.

I think (but cannot prove) that the generosity and openness to people which direct apostolic involvement could increase might lead some guys to accept and understand each other better than before. An apostolic program would vitalize, not replace, our community spirit. I do not purpose compulsory participation; some may personally prefer to spend their time otherwise, but I do suggest that limited apostolic programs should be established for all those who wish to give of themselves in this way.

Steve Nett

The 6th year class and the
67-68 Pub. staff would
like to publicly thank
Pete for the great job
he has done this year.

d.m.u. briets



Our annual mission raffle was a huge success. All of this money will go to the missions in South America. Almost everyone in the hall participated to make this raffle the big success that it was. We sold tickets in the two student cafeterias here at St. Joseph's, from door to door in Rensselaer, after the four Sunday Masses at St. Augustine's here in Rensselaer, and of course, to our parents. Congratulations and special thanks are due to all of our parents for their cooperation. Close to one hundred percent of them answered our letters and bought a book of tickets or more. We knew that we could count on you, Mom and Dad. We would also like to thank Fr. Pax of St. Augustine's for helping us with our raffle.

I suppose that you are all anxious to find out who won, so here are the winners:

First: (The AM-FM radio): Bert Woolson-Brother Postulant..

Second: (Man's watch): Bob Zimmerman-Major Seminarian.

Third: (Tennis racket set): Robert Rietschlin.

Fourth: (Booby prize-After-Shave Lotion): Mrs. Frieda Monnin, Russia, Ohio.

If you have any complaints about the winners, take them to Fr. O'Dell, who did the drawing. Most drawings are done by beautiful girls but this is the best that we could do - sorry!

The man who deserves the most credit for the success is a brother who would kill me if he knew that I were going to write about him. He is Brother Fidelis. He was a tremendous help, doing everything from donating the prizes to giving apples to the ticket-sellers.

All of the tickets were paid for by three stores here in Rensselaer: The South Side Grocery, Long's and The Pizza King.

Thanks again to everyone who helped to make this raffle the success that it was.

Two important details before I close this article: one, that the Seminarists and Brother Postulants feel that Bert Woolson should donate his prize to the missions. Also, since Fred Hofstetter has threatened to cut me out of his article unless I tell you about his achievement, I am forced to inform you that Fred was the highest seller after the Sunday Masses in Rensselaer. James Field

—WE CALL THEM—

SUPER

Super and many other words have been used to describe the major seminarians that have resided in Schwieterman Hall this year. June second marked the end of the first successful year as eleven seniors graduated with bachelor's of art in philosophy. Besides the BA in philosophy, three of these "Super Mongies" received double degrees; one in history and two in mathematics. Nine of these men are now bound for Saint Charles and four more years of study and, they hope, the completion of some more degrees. The other few are bound for a few months of intensive Spanish and then a four year theologate in Chile. This Chilean theologate has been hailed by our missionaries in South America as one of the biggest steps taken in the mission work of our Society. Our prayers and good wishes go with these would-be missionaries.

This year the "Super Mongies" have been praised highly from all sides and we here in Xavier believe they have deserved it. They have been a real shot in the arm for the whole Saint Joe community. They had a real idea of what community living was all about and they let it show.

(Cont. on Next Page)



THE GRADUATING SUPER MONGIES

(L to R) John Srode, Tom Hemm, Mike Manley, Jerru Ivacic, Larry Gowney, Jerry Stack, Jim Gettig, John Pichitino, Don Knueve, and Jerry Steinbrunner (Missing from picture, Neal Malatesta).

I would be doing a great injustice to Father Rodak if I did not mention him now. As is the saying in Xavier, he was their lid one this year. We can only hope that with continued good luck, directors, and students like the ones we had this year the four year college program can become a lasting success.

Dan Glazier

Parents Day Preview

The weekend in honor of our parents will be on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of June. Already the committees are hard at work preparing the various activities.

On Saturday evening there will be a banquet served by the seminarians in Halleck Center decorated by Dan Glazier, Mike Craig, and Al Hartway. A variety show will be presented after the banquet, in which the Mongies will show how talented they really are. The entertainment should be very good since Jim Field, Ed Feicht, and Mike Ploetz are in charge. Undoubtedly a big attraction of the show will be the winner of this year's amateur hour, Mike Hicks. Refreshments will be served after the show. Then the parents may retire in the rooms pro-

vided by the generosity of St. Joseph's College.

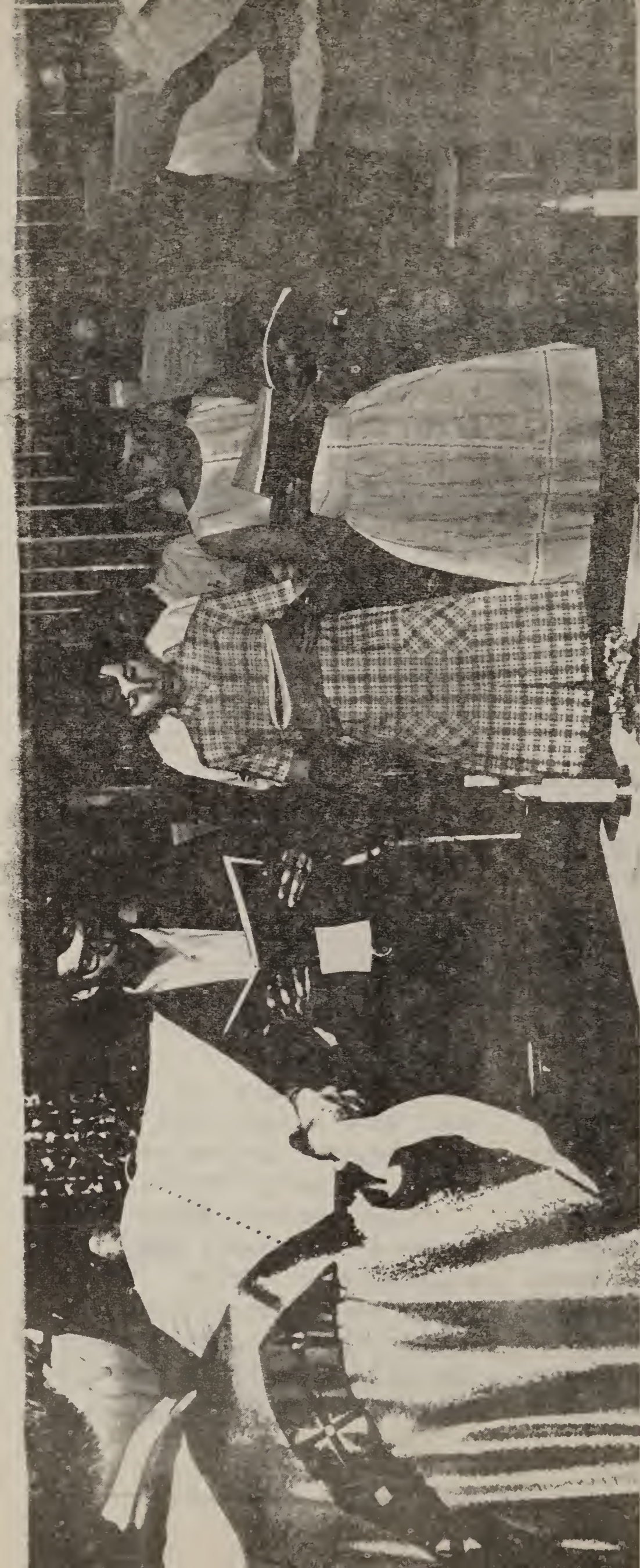
On Sunday morning the families will attend Mass in the college chapel. The rest of the morning will be left open for visiting. Dinner, cafeteria style, will be in Halleck Center.

The big weekend will end with a father-son softball game, in which the sons will clobber the fathers. Watermelon and soft drinks will be on hand during the game. (BYOB and some for your son, too!)

For the sake of those who have a long trip home, the parents are welcome to stay over until Monday.

This weekend gives the parents a couple days of relaxation during which their sons are able to express their appreciation for all that their parents have done for them.

inter-departmental mass



In the above picture, you see several St. Joseph's College students attending Mass. It is not Sunday; it is Wednesday. These young men and women are present at an extra Mass. Why? Because they have come to realize the true meaning of the Mass through the Inter-Departmental Mass program.

The Inter-Departmental Mass Program was initiated by the Music Department, under the guidance of Father Lawrence Heiman, C.P.P.S. The members of the Music Department and their guests assemble weekly - usually on Wednesday - in Fr. Heiman's office. The director (the person appointed to prepare the agenda for the Mass) conducts a brief practice session, enabling all to fully participate in the liturgy. Mass then follows.

This type of program exposes the student to many types of Masses. Folk, Chant, and cantor Masses are but a few possibilities. At 7:00PM on May 21, 1968, the Music Department celebrated its final Mass of the school year. The amassed liturgical "road map" included cantor - assembly participation; original compositions for assembly; a prayer of the faithful having 1) a prescribed petition, 2) a cantor response, and 3) an assembly 4-voice flourish; recitation; hymns; a 5-voice great Amen; and a canon.

After this Mass, several persons thanked Father Heiman for giving them the opportunity of attending Mass in such a meaningful way. One young Sophomore said that the evening's Mass had meant more than any other for him. The Music Department hopes that the Inter-Departmental Mass Program will spread to other departments. If the departments unite within and among themselves through the Mass, St. Joseph's will be a real Catholic College.

Fred Hofstetter

PLAYING IT COOL

This seems to be one of the most common phrases on all campuses: "Playing it Cool." Some class attendances are optional. Texts and assignments are nonexistent. Only final exams are given. A failure carries no stigma. You simply try again. "Cool, man, cool."

What is it that brings one man success in life, and mediocrity or failure to his brother? It cannot be mental capacity. The answer is, some men succeed because they cheerfully pay the price of success, while others, though they claim ambition and a desire to succeed, are unwilling to pay that price.

With the Courtesy of Nationwide Franchise Marketing, they put it this way. The price of success is: to use all your courage to force yourself to concentrate on the problem at hand; to think of it deeply and constantly; to study it from all angles; and to plan ahead; to have a high and sustained determination to achieve what you plan to accomplish, not only when conditions are favorable to its accomplishment, but in spite of all adverse circumstances which may arise;

and to refuse to believe that there are any circumstances sufficiently strong to defeat you in the accomplishment of your purpose. Hard? Of course it is. That is why so many men never reach for success, yield instead to the siren call of the rut and remain on the beaten paths that are for beaten men. Nothing of note has ever been achieved without constant endeavor, some pain, and ceaseless application of the lash of ambition.

Every good man should ask himself: "Am I willing to endure the pain of this struggle for the reward and the glory that go with it? Or shall I accept the uneasy and inadequate contentment that comes with mediocrity?"

Hugh Henderson

ANSWERS TO TV QUIZ

1. George Gobel
2. Jackie Gleason
3. Dave Garroway
4. Arthur Godfrey
5. Jack Paar
6. William Boyd
7. Clayton Moore
8. Cheyenne
9. Richard Boone
10. Gail Davis
11. William Bendix
12. Sgt. Bilko
13. Jackie Cooper
14. Martin Kane
15. E.G. Marshall

Presidential Outlook

As the United States is in the midst of conflict both at home and abroad, the American people are searching for dynamic new leadership. Both the Democrats and the Republicans have squared off this year in what seems to be one of the most exciting campaigns of the century. On the Democratic side there is a real battle raging, while the Republican nominating convention seems to be merely a formality.

So far there have been three major primaries since President Johnson's shocking refusal to accept renomination. Indiana was the setting for the first clash between Senators Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy. Here Kennedy received 42% of the vote, McCarthy 27%, and favorite son candidate Roger Branninan commanded 31%. Brannigan seems to be an ally of Hubert Humphrey, and thus his delegates will probably vote for the vice-president after the first ballot of the convention. Kennedy captured an even larger victory in Nebraska, a rural conservative state, with 51% of the vote. McCarthy received 31% and 8% went to HHH. On May 28 came the Oregon primary. McCarthy upset the New York Senator by taking 45% of the vote over Kennedy's 39%. In past years the Oregon voters have predicted the outcome of most of the political conventions with surprising accuracy. The climatic California primary, to be held on June Fourth, may well be the turning point in the road to the Democratic convention. Senator Kennedy has proclaimed that if he does not win in this state he will withdraw from the race. The Don Muchmore Poll, taken before the California primary, predicted that Kennedy would seize 40%, McCarthy 25%, and Attorney General of the state, Lynch, 25%. Like Brannigan, Lynch will probably support Humphrey.

In the opposing political camp, former vice-president Richard Nixon seems to have his party's nomination in the bag. With only a slight opposition from Michigan governor George Romney, former actor Ronald Reagan, and the infrequent campaigning of Nelson Rockefeller, Nixon has captured over 50% in every one of the primaries.

(Cont. on next page)

This year's campaign is unique in many ways. Never before in history have so many famous personalities in activities outside politics campaigned actively for the man of their choice. Kennedy and McCarthy have the longest list of such supporters. Pop singers Sonny & Cher support Senator Kennedy, while Peter, Paul & Mary have declared themselves for McCarthy.

On May 29 this author took a survey to discover whom our hall thought would receive 1) the Democratic nomination, 2) the Republican nomination, 3) the office of President. The results are as follows:

Democratic Nomination

Kennedy--51
Humphrey--41
McCarthy--2%
Johnson--2%

Republican nomination

Nixon--64%
Rockefeller--31%
Lindsay--5%

Next President

Kennedy--41%
Humphrey--23%
Rockefeller--16%
Nixon--13%
Lindsay--5%
McCarthy--2%

Jim Dumminger

Ed's Note: This article was written before the tragic shooting of Senator Robert Kennedy. The United States has once again lost one of its finest leaders by means of a senseless and gruesome act.

*They died by the injustice they
had fought so hard against*

Martin L. King Jr.

Robert F. Kennedy

THE 6TH YEARS



Top: Michel Craig, Tiffin, Ohio; Below: Ron Hoving, Cella, Ohio; Dan Connin, Russia, Ohio; Mike Tornhorst, McCartyville, Ohio; Jack Sower, Dayton, Ohio.

prophees...

It was half way through my college career that I finally became adept in the exercises of psychic phenomena. Using to the fullest my capabilities sharpened by Theology, Greek, Philosophy and Humanities, I became aware of my ability to foretell the future. Having predicted the Cleveland Indians in the second division and Jim Ballmann's Latin grade, I felt qualified to move on to better things. So I now poke a hole in the curtain of time to bring you the future of the sixth year class of '68.

Ironmind Ploetz

Terry Lothamer...Terry's inspiring life will come to a gruesome end when he is mistakenly shot as the beast of Bosco.

Jim Ballmann...By the time Jim is 30 he will forget how to speak English, necessitating his transfer to the German or Greek Province of the C.P.P.S.

Pete King...Pete looks like the Society's greatest financial wizard since Easy Money Merlini. He will best be remembered for buying Camp Atterbury.

Bob Vondrell...Good news for Bob! In keeping with his leisurely Philosophy of Life, Bob should be the last in the class to die. And then it will probably be in his sleep.

Dan Glazier...In 1985 when the Cleveland Indians win the American League Pennant Dan will say, "I told you so."

Mike Ploetz...By his early 30's Mike should really be getting down to his life's work. I predict five Olympic Gold Medals in Ping Pong (and two bronze).

Jim Langenkamp...Jim, too, will have a hard time settling down. But he will find happiness finally as Chaplain for the Cincinnati Reds, who, by the way, will win 64 straight games in '82. His most memorable day will be when he gives the last sacraments to Mel Harder.

(Cont. on P. 37)



L. to R.: Jerry Schmidt, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mike Ploetz, Cincinnati, Ohio; Dan Glazier, Navarre, Ohio



From L. to R.: Bill Stechschulte, Youngstown, Ohio; Hank Winter, Bensselaer, Indiana; John Hohman, Caldwell, Ohio; Pat McBride, Fort Wayne, Indiana

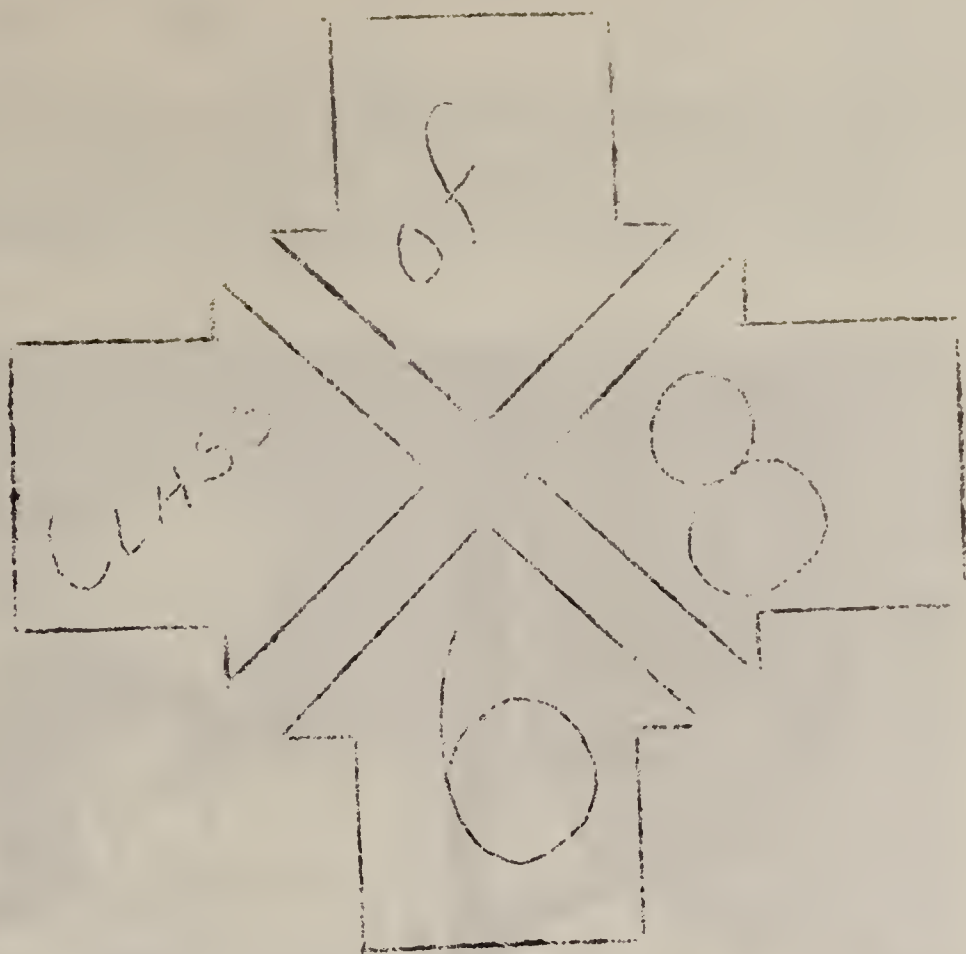
(Pictures, cont.)



From L. to R.: Bob Vondrell, Coldwater, Ohio; Ken Hohenbrink Fortman, Kalida, Ohio; Mike Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio; Stan Ohio; John Hoying, Anna, Ohio; Terry Lothamer, Cherubusco, I



From L. to R.: Bruce Catalano, Canton, Ohio; Fred Hofstetter, Columbus, Ohio; Mike Hicks, Louisville, Kentucky; Tom Brown,uncie, Indiana



Kalida, Ohio; Roger
 atesta, apakoneta,
 riana.



From L. to R.: Jim Burnett, Cincinnati, Iowa; Jim Ball-
 mann, Dayton, Ohio; Pete King, Dayton, Ohio; Jim Field,
 Falls Church, Virginia; Jim Langenkamp, North Star, Ohio

THE B.P.C.



Above: Bert Toolson, Annandale, Virginia; Jerry Hall, Orlando, Florida; Ron Schaaf, Dayton, Ohio; Below: Frank Fritz, Wichita, Kansas; Mike Ruthenberg, St. Clare Shores, Michigan

(Prophecies, cont. from P. 32)

Rog Fortman...Rog will pass up a promising career as a tight-rope walker to be a brain surgeon. He will also be a steady member of the Kalida Brewers' Association.

Mike Smith...Big Mike's lungs should collapse two weeks after ordination. He will spend the last 27 years of his life in a cancer sanitarium.

Stan Malatesta...Stanley will be a rapid riser. From the bindery he will move to head of the library, from there to President of the college, and from there to Pastor of St. Francis Parish in Cranberry, Ohio.

Henry Winter...Hank will go on to receive an M.A. in Library Services.

Jack Hohman...As far as I can tell, Beeker has no future whatsoever.

Jim Field...Jim will die an early death on account of a foul-up in his belly button plastic surgery operation. Attending physician will be Dr. Fortman.

Ron Hoying...Dumm Hoying will be the class failure. Nineteen of his sermons will be censured. Because of him the Gasparian will go on the index and circulation will increase to two and a quarter million.

Pat McBride...Jake will combine his priestly and mechanical talents to aid the working man. He will long be remembered as the "Apostle of the Sewers."

Mike Bornhorst...Padre Miguel will organize football teams among the poor in eight districts of Chile, Peru and Cleveland. He will be one of the charter members of the war on puberty. He will also be deported back to the US for throwing the Archbishop of Santiago into the Pacific Ocean on his 75th birthday.

Fred Hofstetter...Fred will best be remembered for his Folk Song Mass, "Running to the River," and his hymn, "The Arabic Hail Mary."

(Cont. on p. 67)



From L. to R.: Ben Basile, Moorestown, New Jersey; Jim Hoying, Greenville, Ohio; Dave Hagan, Youngstown, Ohio; Richard Wise, Lafayette, Indiana

NOTE OF THANKS

It is impossible to express enough gratitude for the assistance given this past year in order to bring PULSE to press. Special thanks are due to all who donated monetary funds. We only operated with a small deficit this year. Praise is also due to the PULSE staff for their endless hours of work on the paper and to those who put in time, but who were not recognized in PULSE for their efforts.

Best of luck to next year's staff, headed by Steve Nett.

Sports by Jim Langenkamp



The most ~~concentrated~~ part of the IM program was the minor springtime sports of track and field, tennis, golf and badminton. The Mongies once again provided most of the competition and a few winners, too.

Jim Field finally fulfilled his most chronic ambition since entering Xavier. Jim pocketed his overdue wrestling trophy by capturing the 100 yard dash in the track and field events. There were no other winners, but plenty of points were added to increase Xavier's ~~to~~ leading margin.

Pete King, Jack Sowar, Pat Riha and T. Fey were the entries from Mongieville for intramural golf competition. Due to another belated start by the IM office, this "powerful" foursome was forced to drop out. King well represented the Mongies by firing an opening 42 before withdrawing. Nice try anyway.

A very unorganized tennis tournament was next on the sports agenda for Mongie enthusiasts. Among the entries in the singles competition were Malatesta, Winter, King, Vondrell and

Lessard. All were defeated in their initial match but King and Lessard. Bill was defeated in his next effort while Pete eventually rose to the semi-finals where he was defeated in a gruesome 43 game match.

Included in the doubles competition were Malatesta and Vondrell, Brown and Monnin, Glazier and King, Langenkamp and Lessard, Winter and Stechshulte, Ballman and Burnett, Field and Fortman. The duo of Langankamp and Lessard eventually faced Brown and Monnin in the semi-final match, with the former winning by scores of 6-0 and 6-2. In the championship
(Cont. on Next Page)



Bill Lessard

match Jim and Bill fell short of the winning trophy by scores of 8-10, 7-5 and 6-2.

While on the subject of tennis, it is surely appropriate that Bruce Catalano and Bob Zimmerman be congratulated for their fine season with the varsity netmen of Saint Joe. Other news media on campus may fail to congratulate the only "consistent" win-

ners on the tennis team this year, but PULSE cannot!

The Mongies produced the final IM winner with Bill Lessard winning the badminton championship. Eighty per cent of the participants were Mongies and Bill's toughest competitor was Ron Schaaf. Bill defeated Ron in two close sets for the finale of this year's IM season.

Mongies Fall in Softball

The Mongie softball team failed to generate much steam in its short season. The BP's had their own ideas and some other players had other commitments. Thus it became an increasingly evident fact as the season wore on that nothing save Pete Rose would lead the Mongies on to their second consecutive title.

Opening day provided Xavier with a last inning 8-7 setback. Inept pitching and an inconsistent defense spelled defeat for the Mongie team.

Flanked by 2 forfeitures, the Mongies posted their only actual victory with a 15-6 rout of our own Xavier Macs. Lothamer and Brown led the attack by driving in nearly half of the runs for the first team.

The Schwieterman Super-Mongies took care of the rest as they manhandled the Xavierites 19-6 in the quarter-final square-off. Nothing could have silenced the booming bats of Chenevey, Ivacic, and even Hamlin as the Major Mongies wasted no scoring opportunities. One consolation for Xavier was the perfect (0 for 5) performance of "Windy" Growney. The Super-Mongies advanced to the championship round where they were conquered by an even stronger hitting team, the Noll Truckers.

Stan Malatesta did a fine job as captain of the Mongie team. The players made the coach and more consistency from the top players and sound pitching depth would have produced an even more creditable accomplishment.

IM CHAMPIONS

From wire to wire, start to finish, or tug-of-war to badminton it was Mongies all the way.

The Mongie nation established a new total record of IM points with 1,662. That total was sufficient to best the Noll Truckers by 281 points and merit the All-Sports Crown.

It had previously been hoped that each hall member would receive a small token of remembrance, but unfortunately the IM office canned that early proposal. Too much emphasis has been placed upon participation and individual winners and not enough on the actual winners of the entire competition. What remains is status and prestige; but WOW! If the goal of IM's is participation, let's have a

reward for it!!

But we do have memories! A long time ago in Sept. we dumped every challenger on this campus into the pond for another tug-of-war title. And who could forget the memorable and undefeated football season. There were victories in football skills, wrestling, track and field, badminton and a bridesmaid's spot in volleyball. Sandwiched in the middle of all this was the very first Xavier "Little 500" championship. One cannot help but remember this as Xavier's finest sports hour.

A SPECIAL THANKS to Mongie leader, Father McKay, for altering the schedule to allow a chance for every hall member to participate in the intramural program.



The "Little 500" Trophy

What's New With CHRISTOPHER

As I sit down to write this article, many ideas come to mind. But, instead of writing in detail of the many good things which happened here during the past year, I will write on the "best thing" which could have possibly happened---the work of the Holy Spirit. Now I am sure that this will turn some of you off right away, but for those who are still with me, let me explain. To begin, I know most of you will admit that the Holy Spirit does not work through those who are merely hearers of the word, but through those who are doers. As has been said repeatedly in the Documents of Vatican II, we are in an Evangelical Church, which is active in the Word of God. This being so and using the Document on Renewal of Religious Life as our background, our directors have taken positive steps to make us active and vital organs in the Mystical Body of Christ.

As Brother Postulants, we are being taught to realize the full impact and nature of our vocation. We are brought to grips with the idea that we are not studying to be half-clerics, sub-clerics, or any other type of cleric. We are being trained to be professional lay religious. To say that a brother IS a cleric automatically brings up the question: Why didn't you go all the way? Since the brother is one who is not ordained in orders he is not a cleric. But since he is either in vows or promises, he is a religious. Thus, we have the totality, the Lay Religious.

I am sure the information in the previous sentence is not new to most of you, yet there are still those who are completely dumbfounded by this concept. My whole point is that this is being so openly discussed that it has changed the whole approach toward Brother Formation. Today the Holy Spirit is enlightening us to our role. He is also guiding our directors in their formation of us. Brother Postulants are no longer looked at as being not able to quite make the grade as priests, but as laymen who are desiring to bring their Baptismal Vows to perfection. We are being treated as responsible, intelligent, and young Christian men in search of a very honorable and holy goal. No more will our personal wants or desires interfere with the work of the Holy Spirit.

No more will the excuse, "You are only a brother," or the idea, "Keep him at the Mother House," be valid. Why? Because, the Holy Spirit is alive and residing in the hearts and minds of every sincere Brother Postulant, Seminarian, and Director. Yes, our formation has truly taken on the fervor of the Holy Spirit.

Since this is my last article for PULSE, I would like to express my deep gratitude to all who have contributed ideas and comments. To Father McKay and Brother Gerard, I owe a special note of appreciation for their toleration of my sometimes strong opinions. On behalf of all B.P.'s, I would like to wish Father McKay and Father O'Dell the blessings of God in their endeavors. For the last time as a B.P., I sign off.

Richard Wise

class history

Upon the arrival at Xavier Hall of the new fifth year class of 1966, the big question in everyone's mind was, "What will it be like?" They soon became adjusted to their new residence and found themselves in the mainstream of college activities. Steve Herniak was elected to the office of class president. Classes began a week after arrival and the race was on.

The class soon experienced the famous Mongie spirit as the hall went on to win the IM tug-of-war championship. Championships in volleyball and softball followed later in the year and the Mongies proved once again their competence in the field of sports.

The only holiday celebrated on St. Joseph's campus by the Xavierites was Thanksgiving, and what a celebration it was. The fifth years succumbed to the sixth years in the annual Turkey Bowl game by a score of 6-0. They then settled down to a well-prepared turkey dinner. Christmas and Easter were celebrated once again at home.

By early September, the class started their sixth year, which brought with it the position of leadership in the hall. Jim Field was elected Student Prince, with Dan Glazier and Jerry Schmidt chosen as president and vice-president of the class. Pete King became PULSE editor, Terry Lothamer became IM Commissioner and Tom P. Brown took over as Macy's manager.

IM sports immediately sprung to life as the famed Mongie Nation took consecutive victories in tug-of-war and football. The newly-arrived Super Mongies, who are now continuing their undergraduate studies at St. Joe's, proved to be the top contenders for both of these championships. The rest of the IM season saw the Mongies chalk up many points, but no more team championships. It was indeed a very successful year for sports as the Mongies took the Intramural All-Sports Championships.

A few other achievements must be mentioned. Two full-scale projects were undertaken this year. One was the repainting of the entire hall and the other was the panelling and remodeling of the rec room. Mike Smith did an excellent job of supervising the refinishing of the "new rec room" look.

Perhaps the most profound achievement of this year was the winning of the annual "Little 500." The Mongies took the post position at the sound of the gun and kept a comfortable lead throughout the entire three hour contest, despite the futile efforts of other Halls to "shoot down the Mongies."

With Easter vacation being so late this year, the sixth year class came back to face only a few more weeks of classes. Those few weeks swept by quickly and the jubilant class finally completed their first two years of academic endeavors before entering the novitiate in the fall.

Jerry Schmidt



A Gentle Man

The following article is the text of a speech given by Pat Riha in the Father Rapp Oratory Contest. Pat won first place in the contest with this speech.

"I have a dream that one day this nation shall rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal." These are the words of the late Dr. Martin Luther King. When Dr. King died, this nation lost a great man, but it also gained a challenge of equal greatness - his dream, that one day all men might be able to live under the freedom placed in the Constitution by men, and placed in the hearts of men by God.

Dr. King's dream began in September, 1955, in Montgomery, Alabama, when he organized the Negro community in a boycott of the city's segregated bus line. The boycott lasted 381 days. It was a success. For the first time the Negroes felt they had attained a goal. They had tasted freedom, and their thirsts demanded to be quenched.

The road to freedom is a long, dirty, and blood-filled road. In the years following the boycott, King led his followers up a road filled with Freedom Riders and Federal troops, through such towns as Atlanta, Birmingham, and Little Rock. While these events shook the basic beliefs of many Southern hearts, they were only a preview to the up-coming struggle of the sixties.

In 1960 Dr. King was arrested in Atlanta, Georgia. When John F. Kennedy offered to pay his bail, Dr. King found himself in the national spotlight. From that moment on, he symbolized the Negroes' non-violent search for freedom.

To black militants non-violence has always meant submission; to Whites it meant comfort. Both missed the point. Dr. King wrote in his now famous Letter from a Birmingham Jail Cell, "Non-violent direct action tends to create such a crisis, a tension that a community is forced to confront the issue. It seeks to dramatize the issue, so that it can no longer be ignored." And dramatize, it did. During '61, '62, and '63, thousands were

jailed by club-swinging and dog handling police throughout the South. Finally the storm broke wide open. On September 15, 1963, four Negro girls were killed at Sunday school, when the church they were in was blown to bits by a white racist. The Birmingham Negroes set the pattern all too well known to us today-- firebombing, looting, and shooting. Martin Luther King saw his crusade taking on revolutionary proportions.

The following years brought both joy and sorrow to the movement. Civil Rights workers were killed in the South. King was given the Nobel Peace Prize for his work. Congress finally passed a Civil Rights Act with teeth in it. Harlem, Watts, Cleveland, and Newark became evidence of the growing Black Power movement. Non-violence was pushed aside by Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown; but King told them, it was no longer a question of violence, but a question of non-violence or non-existence.

The philosophy of non-violence has since risen from the burnt out ashes of the ghettos to the organizing of a Poor Peoples' Crusade. In preparation for this event Dr. King went to Memphis, Tenn., in order to help the striking garbage men to get fair wages and benefits. The marches there were to be peaceful; but violence broke out and one person was killed. King pledged to keep the following marches non-violent, and instructed his followers to take all necessary action to see that they were so.

The next night he told a large crowd that he did not fear the threats that had been made upon his life. He came to Memphis to do the will of God. He had been to the mountain top.

The climb had been a long, tiresome one. His dream was just beginning to be realized. He reached the mountain top with his people April 4, 1968-- and he was murdered for it. He wasn't killed by black militants. No, he was killed by you and me. Yes! You and I killed Martin Luther King. Just as King represented the Negro struggle, the maniac who shot King represented the entire white race to the Negro people.

What are we to do? The outbreaks that followed his death repudiated everything his life and death stood for. We can't let this happen again!

We can no longer sit back and watch the struggle for Civil and Human Rights; we as the adults of tomorrow must show the Negro there is a difference between a man-

iac's act and our conscience. We must begin our journey up to the mountain top.

This should be our goal, to fulfill the dream of Martin Luther King. In Genesis it is written, "Behold the dreamer cometh; let us slay him. And we shall see what will become of his dream." Let me ask you; what will become of the dream of Martin Luther King? -- That is something you and I must decide.

P.H. Riha

AN AGGRESSIVE SUMMER

Not to everyone is summer a time for wine, women, and song. Some people like to engage themselves in more intellectual activities. St. Joe offers this chance for some people to continue in their field of study which may have been impossible during the regular school year. Although St. Joe offers a limited program in most subjects, it has an extensive music program.

Come June 17, all the nuns in the world band together here at St. Joe. It is such a colorful event-- in all their array of various plumage. Although contrary to ornithologists' opinions, they are much more colorful than the males. At times they may be a little extra bother for the mongies, however, to some it could prove to be a Field-Day.

Mixed in with this dominant factor are a number of lay students. And I am sure the troops are long awaiting the return of their rhythmic opponent Baron Lawrence Von Lasko (alias Red Beard) who terrorizes the sandy dunes with his rebellious Dodge of the first Panzer Division. I sure hope that he can find the new beach-head.

Larry, along with his fellow students, have come to St. Joe to take an active part in the fine music program offered. Most of these students are in charge of liturgical music programs for their dioceses, religious communities, parishes, and schools on all levels. These students come not only from the immediate locale but also from all over the U.S.A., Canada, and other foreign countries.

The two inspirators of this liturgical program are Father Heiman and Father Lindusky. To back the program, they have a fine staff bursting with talent and laden with degrees of excellence. At the present, the college grants a bachelor's degree in music with a concentration on liturgical music. A graduate program leading to a master's degree has been added in affiliation with DePaul University.

Besides music courses, several others are offered. All those who passed Fr. McCarthy's metaphysics course are encouraged to attend the one offered this summer. Father felt that he was handicapped by only being permitted to stimulate students for 1 hour, two days a week. But now a papal decree grants Father permission to challenge students for two and some hours, five days a week! Is there anything, whether in the body or not, capable of meeting the requirements?

Doing a little speculation based on former observations, I will say that the Puma Pick for this summer will again be the summer honors course. This course under the leadership of Father Druhman was initiated last year. It consists of approximately twenty scholarly members. A staff of teachers, each specializing in a certain area, instructs the students; however, class procedure is conducted in the manner of a group discussion in which both the teachers and the students participate. Last year's topic was aggression. The students participated actively both in and out of class. This year's topic is alienation. I can assure you that this group will be quite active too. With Craig and Steckschulte as social directors, what else can one do but participate aggressively!

Mike Bornhorst

Father Roof

There are many misunderstandings and misrepresentations about our college bookstore. In order to give a clearer concept of just what it is and does, I have the following interview with its manager, Father Edward Roof, C.P.P.S.

Question: Father, how long have you been manager of the college bookstore?

Answer: I had been, simultaneously, assistant manager of the bookstore and athletic director of the college. July or August will be the beginning of my ninth year as full-time manager of the bookstore.

Q: What does your job as manager entail?

A: My job is primarily concerned with overall supervision and coordination of purchasing and sales. Many students think that I handle all of the purchasing personally. This would be impossible. Therefore I have three assistants who do the actual purchasing. Mrs. Conley purchases all of the religious goods and the gifts, Mrs. Robinson buys all of the cards, and Mrs. Byron is the caretaker of the general supplies. Altogether I have eight persons helping me run the bookstore.

Q: There are rumors of stealing from the bookstore. Is this true?

A: Yes, there is, but it is not relatively bad in comparison to other bookstores. I do not have the privilege of disclosing the exact figures. I can say, however, that it is a substantial loss to the bookstore.

Q: Where does the profit go?

A: The profit that we make goes first of all towards paying back the government loan for Halleck Center and to the Student Fund. Let me explain that the government requires some profit to be derived from the building itself. The kitchen and especially the bookstore fulfill this requirement. As you know, the Student Fund is used for repairs of Halleck, etc.

Q: Are there any preparations for the coeds next year?



A: Yes, I have gone to Valpo and various colleges to see what needs to be added to our present merchandise. There will be a few minor additions, such as cosmetics, and different styles of cards more befitting the feminine taste.

Q: There are many complaints about your high prices. Are they well-founded?

A: No, I do not believe so. Whenever there is an opportunity to buy used books we do so in order to save the student money. Many students feel that we are making a killing. This is not true. Take for example new text books. We must pay not only for the price the publisher asks for, but also for the necessary correspondence, the secretarial work involved, and the shipping as well. At times we lose money because the professors order too many or change their minds at the last minute. We count ourselves lucky if we make 5% profit on our merchandise. Take the price of our Converse basketball shoes. They sell in all other stores for \$10.50, but we sell them for \$8.50. Go into any other college bookstore and you will find our prices are usually lower.

Q: Could you cite any benefits of our college bookstore other than paying for the government loan and supplying money for the Student Fund? What does the individual gain?

A: Right offhand I would cite the Campus-Pac and the calendars we give each student. We also have given donations to various college clubs and organizations. One example is the seminarians' D.M.U. raffle.

Q: Are there any particular problems in your job?

A: Well, there are the annual problems that occur when the students find out that their expensive text books won't be used next year and are practically valueless at the bookstore. The professors are a source of trouble if they delay their orders or change them the last minute. An ever-present problem is the angled walls of the bookstore that make display cases a nightmare. They also waste a great deal of needed space. And there are, of course, the usual problems of making wise purchases, etc...

Thank you, Father, for clearing up some of our conceptions of the college bookstore. Virgil Keller.

Business Chapter REPORT

St. Charles Seminary housed fifty-six members of the C.P.P.S. on April sixteenth and seventeenth for an important Business Chapter. The meeting held special significance for all seminarians of the community since most of the discussions centered on the future of their training. It was also a special milestone of the Xaverites as two Mongies were allowed to be observers at the meeting. The elected representatives from the hall were Mike Smith and Steve Nett.

The meeting opened with an open discussion on the novitiate. This was centered not on whether or not there would be a silent year in the future, but merely on the detail "two years". Should it remain where it is now or be postponed for two years? The motion to leave the novitiate where it is carried by an almost unanimous vote. The mongies and super-mongies had taken an active role in influencing this decision. When the discussions on this subject became more intense, most of the arguments for postponing novitiate year lost their meaning.

Two distinct factions expressed their opinions on the future of the Theologate. A motion to move the theology studies to another university was defeated. A rather lengthy discussion followed on the advantages and disadvantages of St. Charles. Finally it was decided to leave the theology training at St. Charles; try to improve the atmosphere and conditions there, and to appoint a committee to study the possibilities of a change.

Those of us who graduated from Brunnerdale have experienced the need for an indoor sports facility there. The need is obvious, but the financial support is scarce. A new gymnasium was given approval by the delegates of the meeting, undoubtedly along with a hearty roar of approval from the members of the Brunnerdale family.

The final discussion of the agenda was concerned with the C.P.P.S. publications. Realizing that PULSE dwarfs all other community publications (sic!), the members decided that Precious Blood Messenger and C.P.P.S. Today should be combined into one publication.

Pete King

FROM THE

PIG'S PEN

As my arthritic, crum-
bled tongue etches here few
scribblings for PULSE, I
see the end of a fruitful
and exciting career in the
area of journalism. It is
with sincere reluctance
that I hand the responsi-
bility for this column over
to "piggy" Ed. I have no
doubt that Ed can handle
the strains of journalistic
excellence. (We have this
year been striving for such
a senseless goal; however
our critics from many miles
away have been nibbling
away at the confidence
which we have built for
ourselves in the past year.
However, Ed will have to
contend with another intel-
ligent editor, even more
(?) open-minded than our reign-
ing Peter King, Esq. Ed
will have an uphill strug-
gle, and I hope my guidance
and direction has helped
him see that every edi-
tor must be more powerful

than those who write for
him. Ed should see more
competition in the Nielsen
ratings, since PULSE next
year should be modeled af-
ter the highly successful
Ladies Home Journal. Arti-
cles of this type simply
cannot contend with poetry,
artistic prose, "serious"
articles etc... - at least
next year's editor thinks
so. (One example of being
openminded). Many critics
have fired away at our hos-
tile attitude towards this
year's editor. We simply
wanted to prove a point--
the pen is mightier than
any 162 lb. editor (and our
mission was highly success-
ful having halted the pro-
duction of PULSE several
times during the course of
the year.) Enough of my
confessions of insubordina-
tion and on with the spicy
part you have all been
waiting for.

The fifth year studyhall is becoming a zoo. Rumor has
it that one will soon have to pay to get in even if he
only wants to study. Markie's Menagerie takes up the
whole southwestern corner of the room. He has fish, ham-
sters, turtles, and is thinking of getting a bird. Good
luck, Markie.

WHAP OF THE CENTURY

Setting: one individual engrossed in neurotic flaying of the arms, running of the mouth, etc.

Glazier: Bill, we have to get back to Novi, I'll be darned or I'm going to get stuck here at St. Charles. Besides there's going to be a party at Novi.

Bill O'Donnell: No, No, (also on the neurotic side). They're going to have one here tonight. One of the brothers told me so.

Glazier: Oh, on they're not. I know. Let's get out of here.

So they went, the two of them, being driven back to Novi at 10:00 to await the arrival of the novices. Time: 12:00, the other guys still have not arrived, and there sit two lonely seminarians having a rip-snorting time. According to the reports received, the old adage "two's company and three's a crown" was not too well received.

WHAP OF OUR SEMINARY CAREER

Setting: Pete King (editor of PULSE) sitting in studyhall, other seminarians crowded around listening to the discussions between Pete and two other "nice" guys.

Nice guy #1: Pete, did you know that they are using the rec room at Noll Hall for a hockey court?

Pete: No, how did they do that?

Nice Guy #2: Well, Pete, first the new rug that was just installed rolls up and hangs from the ceiling, then the "floor" crew hang the chairs on the hooks so there are bleachers for spectators, (and would you believe that Pete still believes it!!!!!!) then the cold water pipes which were installed in the cement floor are turned on, so that the water which was just thrown on the floor will freeze.

At this point one Nice Guy had to leave the discussion, because he was laughing so hard; however, the other Nice Guy had more guts and was down right meaner--that was me.

Nice Guy #2: Sure Pete, we're supposed to play them today. They also have facilities for lacrosse, badminton, volleyball, football, (and here is where Pete finally realizes his foot was somewhere near the trachea.)

Pete: They can't do that, Fr. Rueve won't let them bring dirt into the building. Oh, are you guys just kidding me?

Nice Guys # 1&2 and the crowd standing around: Duuuuhhhh!



The Pigs: Mike...
(Pig's Pen, Cont.)

Beastie Zondlo was the spectacle to see at the recent graduation ceremonies here at St. Joe's. Beastie was a flag bearer, but did not use the conventional means of carrying a flag. Instead of the flag carriers provided by Mr. Walsh Beastie decided to use a jock strap he received as a present from John Hohman, who didn't know what it was for.

We would like to extend our hearty regards to Celeste's favorite son, Jerry who may or may not be in the hospital at this time. All we know for sure is that Jerry will successfully receive five or six weeks of free vacation to have the garbage removed from his knee. It was reported by way of the grape-

vine (O'Donnell) that Jerry just recently came into some money, and at the same time (and the same amount) the X was losing its money. Jerry, please hurry back so you can protect your good name. Dumm is missing you, too.

Mike Hicks is evidently not too familiar with the CBS isolated camera. When he was told that Dancer's Image in the Preakness had an isolated camera on him, Mike was sure that they had mounted a camera on the horse's back. It took him an hour to get his foot back out of his mouth.

E-E-E-E-E-E-AAAAHHHHH!!! That is the sound that is being heard more and more around the hall now that the school year is over. Yes, more and more, Glen



...and Ed.

and Fat Al can be seen
alive...outside study hall.

ISOLATED WHAPS

King: Boy, those small fish
sure are little.

Fortman: Who did the Cubs

play in the first game?
(The Cubs had just defeated
the Mets in the second game
of a doubleheader.)

Vondrell: Do they really
sell watermelon down at
Crosley Field?

Last week the inhabitants of St. Charles had the scare of their lives. It seemed as if the Roaring Twenties had returned. At about three in the afternoon a carload of Delaware "toughies" drove up the main drive and ambled out of their supercharged Ford. What seemed to be a fight in the making, ended up in a rather peaceful gesture to their leader, Jeffrey Werner. The "leader" arrived later on and led his boys back to Delaware where reports from that devastated burg indicate the intense leadership prowess of Jeffrey. Thank goodness he's on our side.

Wouldn't it be nice if...Hicks was a horse?

...Schiek could appear in a Groom
and Clean commercial?

...Kanaby would clean his manure-
laden, form-fit leotards after
after a playful romp in the tu-
lip patch?

...Hartway was black?

...the "Chopper" realized he was
soft?

...the TV couldn't pick up the
Cub's games?

...Brandel would stop taking pot
shots at the moon?

...Mono Milk Man was allergic to
milk?

...Jake had common sense?

...Fr. McKay didn't censor arti-
cles?

...Fortman was a Neuroty expert?

...Ballman lost his tongue?

...Nett received a birthday cake
with 3.86 written on it? (Oh,
he did??!!)

...I could think of some more
lousy stuff to write?

Office of the Chief Scheduler
Dept. Of Bull(etins)

WELCOME
SUMMERTIME

Tuesday

- 3:15: Choir (for all interested) Others free.
- +4:00: Speech Therapy - Groups A & B, Teacher -
Ruby Nett
- +4:18: Baseball: Team K vs. E at Field A
- 6:00: Supper: Grease fried potatoes with beans
- 6:33: Free time. Stay active.

Wednesday

- +4:00: Senior Religion Teachers' Meeting (Fac. Rm.)
Stud. Council (Bish. Rm.)
 - +5:50: Vespers, etc.
 - 6:55: Regular Typing Class and Private Music Lessons
 - 7:00-7:45: JTUFD Practice Drill
 - 7:46: Study for all
 - ++8:00: Frosh Guidance Group A - Rm. 1 with O'Donnell
b - Rm. 3 with Greer
 - 9:40: Milk and cookies in Refectory
Frosh A-K at 9:40
L-Z at 9:45
- Please no crumbs on floor.

Thursday

- +6:00: Rising
- 7:20: Dishes - Group I Sec. A - Cups and Glasses
B - Pots and Pans
C - Silverware
- 12:00: Dinner - Peanut butter w. jelly
- 2:00: Sr. and Jr. Swimming (must wear nylon PB
Swim trunks)

Announcements

- a) Laundry - Wed. Morn. Kanaby (BRK) put in on Tues. Eve
- b) Waymire to Urologist at 4:25 (for test)
- c) Lemons for softball game - 1 per player - ½ each inn.
- d) Lorenzo to Westville 2:00 Fri. till Sat. Oct. 24

ORCHIDS

- a) Special Congrats to S. Nett for a fine, superb and skillful third place in speech contest
- b) Good luck, Al!

Did You Know That....Langenkamp changed his nickname from bluestreak to white spray?
Field recently received a shocking experience trying to show off his muscular grip?
The All-American Boy of Xavier, Billy Lesard, had a bottle of beer at Brunnerdale (a definite degredation of his morals)?
Carlos Graupera's family tree consists of Afro-Polish descent?

The fifth years had their swimming party the other night, and all were amazed at the courage showed by the boys from PB. They turned out to be braver than we thought they were. Even "Tulips" was as brave. No one saw them around!

We've got another one! Last year was the year for the man with the PhD in all areas of education. However, this year we have another one who goes above and beyond the Greer myth. Stevie Nett, Doctorate qualifications in Speech, Speech Therapy, Speech Writing, Theology, Biblical Interpretation, Philosophy (especially on contemporary problems), psychology, psychiatry, psychoanalysis (especially with the use of tests such as the Edwards or MMPI), Drama, Playwrite, Library Science, Studyhall Scheduling, Poster-hanging, and last, but not least, Etymology. Stevie has other peculiar traits which distinguish him from last year's winner of this prized identity. Stevie graces himself with definite signs of intense masculine identification. On his desk one can find literature ranging from Green Beret: What a Man to his monthly subscription to True: A Man's Magazine. Besides wearing his tattered Army clothing, he also wears to tennis games, a hunter's vest equipped with pockets for shotgun shells. In his back pocket he always carries his handy dictionary, which he edited for quick verbal outblasts against aggressors who challenge his academic ability. If this approach fails, he strikes his opponent with the dictionary itself reassuring us that "there are plenty more from where this came from!" With all these qualifications for the Man of the Year Award, he is also distinguished in the field of defense mechanisms. He has

been asked to teach a course next semester in this field. With all the above qualifications in mind, the authors of this column hasten to dethrone last year's MAN and hereby install Stevie Nett as this year's winner. Orchids (oh, I mean Venus Flytraps - more aggressive,) to you!

Well, it's time to end this article, and in so doing I end my power to touch up anything that is written against me. Best of luck to Ed next year - you'll need it. The word is out, Ed, that Ruby will try to change you deceitful methods by "Ruby Jaw Power." As you know, Ed, a double "A" in honors is quite a feat, especially with a "C" average. So I hasten to warn you not to become involved in a possible "drag" attempt. Stand your ground and report the facts (?). In ending we would like to congratulate the novices in being able to live with one another - as you and Steckie know, Indians can't keep clean.

Mike Smith and Ed Feicht

the amazing American

The following article is an excerpt from Paul Harvey news.

"The amazing American whips enemy nations, then gives them the shirt off his back. He yells for speed laws that will stop fast driving, but won't buy a car if it won't do a hundred.

The amazing American gets scared to death if we vote one billion dollars for education, but he's cool as the center seed of a cucumber about spending 3 billion dollars a year for smoking tobacco.

He gripes about the high prices of the things he has to buy. He gripes about the low prices of the things he has to sell. He knows the lineup of every baseball team in the American and National leagues, but he doesn't

know half the words in the STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

An American will get mad at his wife for not running their home with the efficiency of a hotel and mad at the hotel for not being homelike.

He'll spend half a day for vitamin pills to make him live longer, then drive 90 miles an hour on slick pavement to make up for the time he lost.

The amazing American will complain about his wife's cooking, yet on a camping trip, he'll eat half-fried potatoes, burnt fish and coffee made with gritty creek water in a rusty bucket and think it's wonderful.

The amazing American will work hard on a farm so he can move to town so he can make more money so he can move back to the farm.

In his office he likes to talk about baseball, football, fishing. Out at the game or on the creek bank, he talks business.

He is the only guy in the world who will pay 50¢ to park his car while he eats a 25¢ sandwich.

An American likes to cuss his government, but he'll fight any foreigner who does. He has more food to eat than anybody and more diets to keep him from eating it. His is the most civilized, most Christianized nation on earth, but he dares not deliver a payroll without an armored car.

In America we have more experts on marriage than any country in the world--and more divorces.

He would not steal money from his neighbor, but he'll pay tax collectors to steal it for him.

He irrigates desert to make farmland, then puts the extra acres in a soil bank.

He spent 280 million dollars this year on tranquilizers--and an equal sum on pep pills.

He tosses beer cans out the car windows, drops gum wrappers in the gutter, plants auto graveyards along the highways, hides a mountain or meadow with a billboard selling laxatives, then stands up at his civic club meeting and, with a lump in his throat, sings, "America the Beautiful."

Yet, for all of that, the amazing American is still a pretty nice guy. Despite all that he is not--because of all that he is--calling anybody a "real American" is still the highest compliment you can pay.

James Ballmann

OLD TOWN

Periodicals such as Time, Life and Newsweek cultivate a great interest in the life and surroundings of the "hippies." This interest compelled me to go to Chicago for some first-hand information on the hippies. I do not propose to enter upon a lengthy dissertation concerning the ethical and moral standards of the hippies; I would rather like to show you what I saw on May 27, 1968, the day which I spent with the hippies of Old Town.



In the above picture you see, left to right, Bruce Catalano, James Field and the author. Bruce, Jim and Glen Brandel accompanied me on a trip to Old Town. Old Town is a name give to a section of Chicago which is located about nine blocks North of the loop; Wells Street is Old Town's main street.

We parked in the loop and took a taxi to Wells Street. What we saw was indeed fascinating. Old Town itself seems to be a street lined with stores, cafes, dance-halls and theatres. These establishments are lavishly decorated in the "mod" style. By day, Old Town is a tourist attraction; by night it is a haven for hundreds.





The first thing we decided to do was to take a look inside the buildings. Upon entering the first store, we were blinded by millions of sparkling beads. This was a mod jewelry store - a panorama of color.

Other stores sell psychedelic clothes, posters and lights. The restaurants are decorated in the mod style. Perhaps the most striking of these is one which has walls made out of bottles.





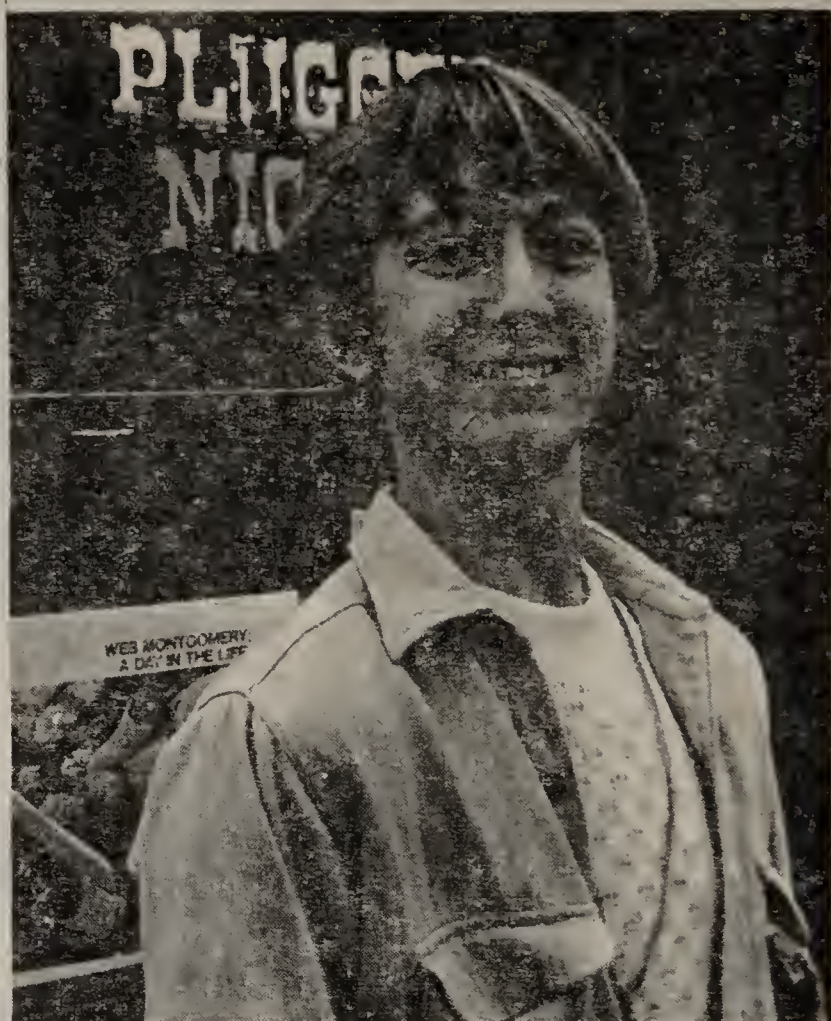
Our main concern, however, was to actually talk with the inhabitants of Old Town. The young man whom you see here has left school, and spends his time running around town with a few other boys his age.

He came running up to me and begged for money, saying that he had not eaten for ~~two~~ days. We gave him a few cents and asked if we could take his picture.

He immediately produced a camera and asked if we would buy it. We refused, but he let us take his picture anyway.

Here we find him pictured with his friends.

Note the car.





Unfortunately, this was the only young man who would talk with us. He is not a hippy--the true hippy does not talk to just anyone. The hippy is revolting against - society, perhaps. Someone who wants to take his picture represents this society, and is flatly refused.

We had to settle for side and rear view; hence so shall you.



Curiosity impelled us to leave Wells Street for a while and visit the actual living quarters of the Hippies. In short, their living quarters are slummier than the slummiest slums.

As we were about to leave Old Town, we ventured upon an old man sitting in a doorway. I asked him what he thinks of the hippies. Laughing, he said:



"Ah, they're only a bunch of kids, ya know. Ya shoulda seen 'em dancin' in the park yesterday. Really, had a grand time."

Bruce, Glen, Jim and I had a grand time at Old Town too, thanks to the hippies.

Fred Hofstetter

Prophecies, Cont. from p. 37

Bruce Catalano...Bruce will become known as "the apostle to the American Italianos of North Canton." His jokes will be carried by Boy's Life, Reader's Digest, Tennis Weekly, and Fr. Kuhns.

Jim Burnett...Jim will do outstanding work with the American Institute for Fallen Alcoholic Priests. He will be quoted as saying, "I think I understand their problem."

Jack Hoying...Jack will serve time in four different state and federal penitentiaries. After his eleventh conviction St. Joseph's College will take him off their alumni mailing list in shame.

Mike Hicks...By the time Mike is 35 he'll be 7 years older than the rest of the class. His album "Hicks is Goin' to Pray" will sell better than 200 copies.

Mike Craig...Crabby Craig will prove a dauntless leader of civil and social liberty groups. He will come to a violent end when in an aggressive protest rally one of the rotten eggs thrown at him turns out to be hard boiled.

Dan Monnin...For calling the Provincial a hog carrot Danny will be stationed in Grassy Butte, North Dakota for 20 years.

Jerry Schmidt...Brother Jerry will devote many good years of his life to the Society in the Processing Office. When he is 45, his hair will turn black.

Bill Stechschulte...When Willy is 38 he'll be extremely interested in civil rights. He'll be opposed, but interested.



PULSE

ST. JOE COL.

XAVIER HALL

RENSSELAER, IND.

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